Now Ieſu bleſſe me, am I metaphorphoſed?
I think I know not my ſelfe. Why what a Gods name
doth this man ſee in me, that thus he ſhootes at my
honeſty? Well, but that I know my owne heart, I
ſhould ſcarſely perſwade my ſelfe I were hand. Why
what an vnreaſonable woolſacke is this? He was ne-
uer but twice in my company, and if then I thought I
gaue ſuch aſſurance with my eyes, Ide pull them out,
they ſhould neuer ſee more holy-daies. Well, I ſhall
truſt fat men the worſe while I liue for his ſake. O god,
that I knew how to be reuenged of him. But in good
time, heeres Miſtris *Foord*.

Enter Miſtreſſe Foord.

Miſ.For. How now Miſtris *Page*, are you reading
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

Miſ.Pag. O woman, I am I know not what:
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in ſuch a caſe
in my life.

Miſ.Foord. In loue, now in the name of God with
whom?

Miſ.Pa. With one that ſweares he loues me,
And I muſt not chooſe but do the like againe:
I prethee looke on that Letter.

Miſ.For. Ile match your letter iuſt with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Onely the name
Of Miſtreſſe *Page*, and Miſtreſſe *Foord* diſagrees:
Do me the kindneſſe to looke vpon this.

Miſ.Pa. Why this is right my Letter.
O moſt notorious villaine!
Why what a bladder of iniquity is this?
Let's be reuenged what ſo ere we do.

Miſ.